

PUCK BUILDING, New York, September 3d, 1913.

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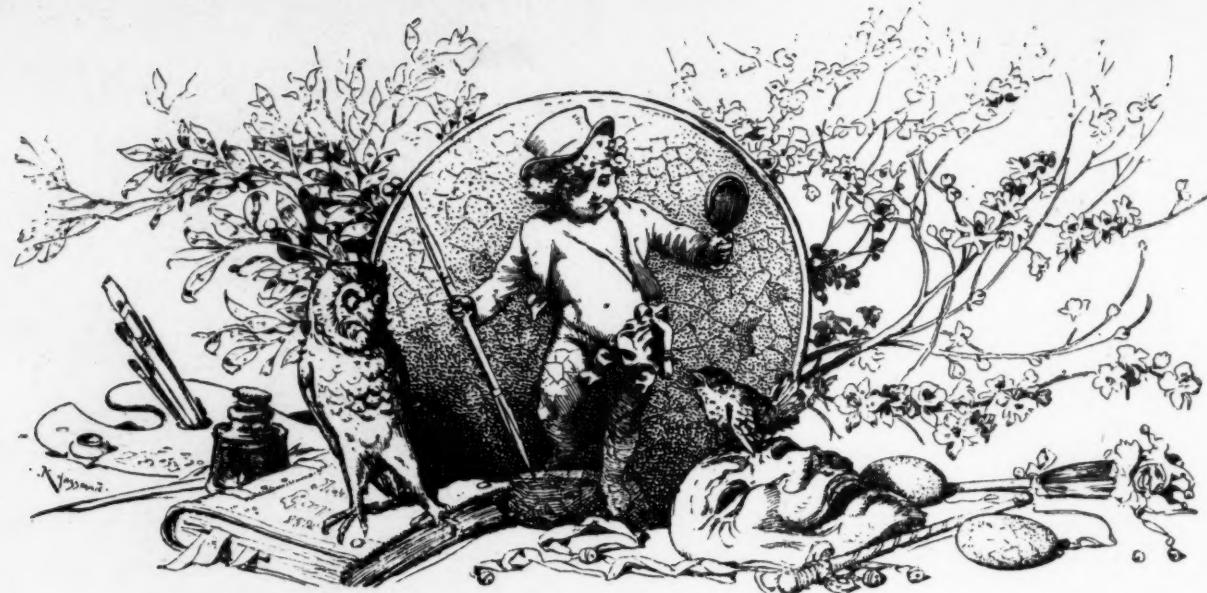
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#### CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

"Thass'er way with these darn motor-boats! Go back on yer just the worsh time! Like as not, be stuck in the rain here all day!"



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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### Cartoons and Comments

"IT IS understood that the Tammany platform will out-fusion the Fusionists on the point of city saving." — *Political Guff*.

Of course, Tammany is always strong for economy—before election. When the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be. When the Devil got well—you all know what happened. The sad part of it is that Tammany can go into a municipal campaign with such a platform and not be hooted and egged off the stump. Everybody knows what a Tammany administration means, and what relation it invariably bears to the matter of "city saving," and it is a queer compliment which Tammany pays to the intelligence of New York's citizenship when its bid for office is based on a plea for economy. When Tammany is afraid to put over such impudence, cowed because of what the people's memories will tell them, then perhaps the old dream of "downing Tammany" may come true.

QUOTH an American Suffragette, apropos of Mrs. PANKHURST's possible visit to these shores next winter:

"I wish Mrs. PANKHURST could stay here with us always, but I know she would not be happy away from England with so much still to be done there."

She undoubtedly would not. There are millions of windows yet unbroken, and quite a few houses in London are still standing. When duty calls, hospitality should step back.

THE Public Service Commission is inviting bids for the destruction of the old Astor House. Were it the beginning of summer, instead of the end, the best and surest way would be to sublet it to somebody. It is a method that rarely fails.

"IT took nine attorneys to get six days' delay in legal procedure against Harry Thaw." — *Canadian Wire*.

The Thaw family has too much money for any one lawyer to lift.

"A POLICEMAN dozing in left-field before game time was hit on the head by a high fly which made a nasty scalp wound." — *Philadelphia Dispatch*.

We have persistently repudiated that vaudeville gag about Philadelphia being a sleepy town, but in the face of evidence like this, what is one to do?

THE latest thing in the paresis jewelry line is the "Kneelet," a band of precious metal worn just above the knee. The skirt, of course, is slit to suit. Next, perhaps—we blush to think of it—will be the "thighlet," or possibly the "hiplet."

IN New York recently a woman who claimed to have been unsuccessfully treated by a certain physician, pot-shot him with a 32-calibre revolver from across the street. It occurs to us that if every medical practitioner whose patients failed to get well were to suffer a similar penalty, the streets of Manhattan would prove decidedly unsafe for the average doctor.

"I BELIEVE one way of knocking down the high cost of living somewhat would be to introduce mountain-lion meat into our markets." — *Col. Roosevelt*.

To introduce moose meat would be sacrilege.

THE Anti-Saloon League of Cincinnati is making war on free lunches. As a compromise, why not free beer with every five-cent lunch?

IF UNCLE SAM but knew it, he has ample cause to rejoice. HARRY THAW is out of the country, and so is JACK JOHNSON.

THE best argument in favor of Mayor GAYNOR's re-nomination is the fact that Tammany doesn't want him.

AGAIN may we remark to the Fusionists of New York: "Cheer up! The HEARST is yet to come!"



PROBABLY.

"I WONDER IF I CAN GOLD-BRICK THE OLD BOOB AGAIN?"

## A YOUNG MAN'S LETTER.

You ask me, my dearest Editha, to tell you truly whether I have ever loved before. All should be truth between us, and I will tell you the truth, whatever may be the consequences.

It was a love of which you must be the judge, whether it be pardoned or not. It was a love of my youth. I need not tell you that my affection for you has obliterated every trace of it from my heart long, long ago.

I had the foolish fancies of my age; but when I loved *her* I knew that my whole soul was stirred with a feeling I had never known before. Her image was enthroned in my heart; I saw her face in my dreams; day and night the thought of her never left me.

I worshiped her with a tender and humble adoration that dared to ask for no return. That I might live and look upon her face, and be sensible of her perfection and of my utter unworthiness, was enough for me.

I knew myself too far below her to dream that she could ever be mine; but I loved her all the more for this. It would have been profanation to have thought of pressing that lovely hand, to have ever hoped to kiss those exquisite lips.

Never had I felt thus toward any other woman. High enshrined in my inmost soul, I knew that I must hold her as a being set apart from and above all lesser humanity. In silent bliss that was all but agony I loved her until my passion became too strong for my judgment, until I could maintain my reticence no longer, and at last I spoke out.

It was a beautiful day in the last of Spring, I remember. A tender haze rested on the distant hills and a scent of flowers came in through the open windows. She sat on her low dais, busy at her noontide task, oblivious of me and of all things else. I advanced and spoke to her. I told her that I loved her. I asked her to wait until I could wed her.

How did it all end? She stood me in the corner, and that afternoon she made me copy out "Little boys should be seen and not heard" two hundred and fifty times. The next year she taught school in another district. A cross-eyed man came to run our school, and I have not loved since until I saw you.

Please write and state if all satisfactory and O. K.

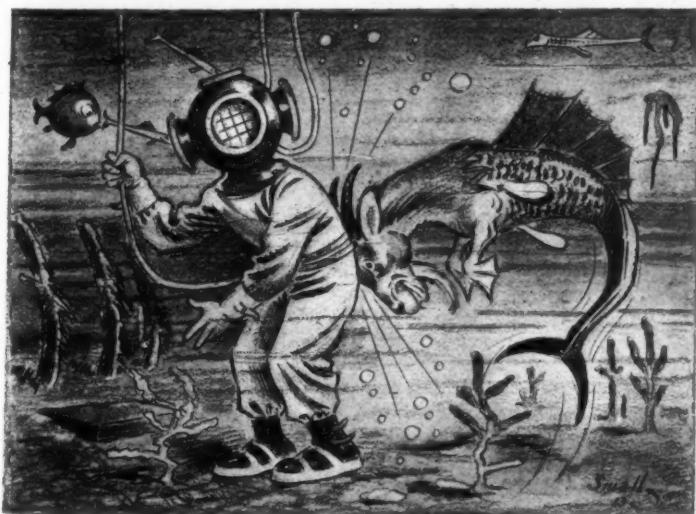
Yours ever,

EDWARD.

## UNEVENTFUL.

UNCLE BOB.—Did you like the trip to the West, Johnny?

JOHNNY.—Not so much. I was waiting for train-robbers; and we never saw one the whole time.



LITTLE WILLIE'S IDEA OF A BUTTER-FISH.

*The initial is the refuge which saves a child from the names which a parent can inflict.*



## STRICTLY PROPER.

"Have you any pieces for the black keys only? You see, I'm in mourning."

## REPUDIATED.

NO SOONER had the pilgrim set foot in the Elysian Fields than a shadow was accosting him.

"I am the girl who would n't let the curfew ring that night," she hurriedly explained. "Am I well spoken of on earth?"

"Well," answered the pilgrim, "I don't profess to be a judge of elocution, but I should say nit."

## LOVE IS BLIND.

IT may be when your courting days  
And honeymoon are ended—  
You will discover to your grief,  
Love's blindness was pretended.

## AN EXAMPLE.

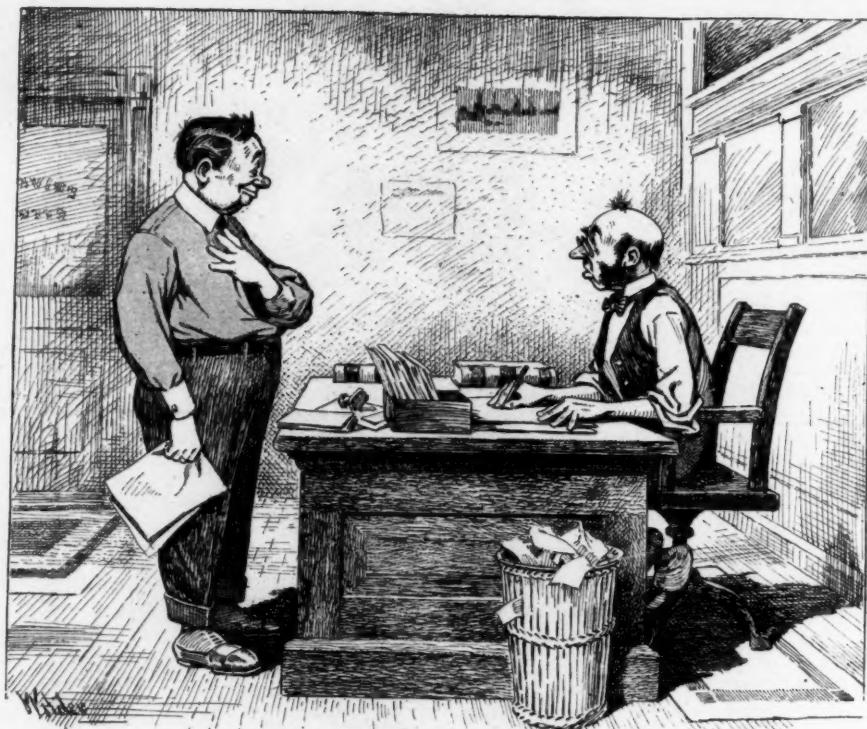
"I TELL you," said the scowling Socialist, "that wealth is not distributed equitably."

"I quite agree with you," replied Mr. Scadds. "I have only about two hundred and fifty thousand myself, while I know a dozen men who have more than a million apiece."

## BILLY'S GREATEST FEAT.

CRAWFORD.—An ostrich's digestion is n't to be compared with a goat's. Just look at the tomato-cans he eats!

CRABSHAW.—Why, man, they're nothing to the adjectives on the circus posters that he swallows.



## A PLEA WITH A PUNCH TO IT.

CLERK (to employer).—I should like a four weeks' vacation this year, sir, if possible. I never felt so strong in my life!

## VACATION.

SLOWLY the shadows creep along;  
Glad is the lark with its vesper song  
Homeward the deep-lowing cattle throng  
Toward that quaint old farm-house red.  
Far from the city's hot, stifling air;  
Night's shadow shading the fields so fair—  
I must ascend by that squeaky stair  
And sleep on a feather bed.

## A RARE SPECIMEN.

**W**E will now invite your attention, ladies and gentlemen," said the museum lecturer, indicating with an appropriate gesture a high-browed, intellectual-looking man who occupied a prominent position in the Palace of Wonders, "to Professor Pensmith, one of the most remarkable curiosities ever placed on exhibition. Go where you will, up and down this broad land of ours, you will never find his like; he is absolutely unique! Professor Pensmith is the only editor in captivity who can write up a fire without making use of the expressions 'fire-friend,' 'destroying element' and 'gallant efforts of the brave smoke-eaters.' Please pass down this way and view the Wild Man of Ruralville, who during one season spent seventy-five dollars for wine and bouquets for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' soubrettes."

## HIS CONCLUSIVE WAY.

TELLER.—Grimshaw is the only man of my acquaintance who invariably wins in an argument with a woman.

ASKINS.—How, in the name of wonder, does he do it?

TELLER.—Oh! He states his side of the case and walks off.

## HE APPRECIATES THE COMPLIMENT.

"A H!" said the editor, gleefully; "here is a glowing tribute from our rival, the *Daily Yell*."

"Indeed?" said his assistant. "What is it?"

"Why, they print the news we published exclusively yesterday, and say they have it from the very best authority."

*A man convinced against his will finds it most awfully embarrassing to acknowledge it.*

## SAPPING AND MINING.

THE intrenchments of bachelorhood are constantly being assaulted, and its citadel is approached in every possible subtle way to force the white flag up the staff. Not only is a healthy, good-looking chronic bachelor, with a good job, an eyesore and an impertinence in the eyes of women, but he is likewise an affront to married men. They hate him for his insolent freedom, and if possible they mean to submit him to the fiercest punishment they know of—that is, they will marry him off.

The District Attorney's office of the city of New York has lent itself to one of these underhanded attacks on bachelors. It has published figures purporting to show that most of the crimes committed within its jurisdiction are the work of unmarried men. These figures are held to be reputable, but it is a fact worth remembering that most of the employees in the District Attorney's office are married. They have no reason to be tender toward the celibate, so to speak, condition.

But if the figures be true, the answer will be found in the mouth of every bachelor. The married men have lost their nerve. They dasset commit any crime of a graver nature than sneaking an extra dollar out of the week's wages, blowing it in, and then claiming to have been jostled on a street-car. The single men remain brave, hardy, and active, and such men will always err from the strictly legal path; but in case of war we must depend upon these rascals, for they have not passed under the yoke of servitude, and can still defend themselves.

It is not surprising that the bolder, more primitive, crimes are committed by the unmarried. Assault and battery, robbery, and kindred felonies are the work of untamed natures. In the gentler matters of door-mat thievery, slander, and inebriety, there is probably a large majority in favor of the married men.

But upon one charge, and that one the most serious that can be made against bachelors, the odds of guilt are overwhelming. Not one married man has been arrested for this crime; while every bachelor is constantly guilty of it, in violation of the laws of society. That crime is the crime of being unmarried.



## HOBSON'S CHOICE.

TRAMP.—Yes, lady, I loved a girl. She wouldn't have me, and I became a wanderer.

WOMAN.—Poor chap! If she had married you, all would have been well!

TRAMP.—Oh, I dunno. Me friend, out in de road dere, is de feller wot got her!

## OSCULATORY PANEGYRIC.



E kissed her, and kissed her,  
He could n't resist her.  
Oh Mister,  
He kissed her! Great guns! *How* he kissed her!  
With eyes all a-glister!  
Her lips were a blister,  
For he did n't list her  
Along with his sister  
As one to be brotherly kissed—but he kissed her  
With vim and with vigor and steam—as a Mister  
Who knew how to kiss—as an expert knows whist, or  
A pitcher knows how to put over a twister.  
And she was n't much as an angry resister,  
She did n't attempt to escape from the tryst, or  
To loosen his hold on her fairylike wrist, or  
To stop him at all as he kissed her and kissed her.  
Now, doubtless a moralist stern would have hissed her,  
Or hammered the Mister a whack with his fist, or  
Induced him in some other way to desist, or  
Have fixed it somehow so a kiss would have missed her.  
But no one was there, so the Mister  
He kissed her,  
And she liked the Mister, the way that he kissed her,  
His eyes all a-glister, and even the blister  
He raised when he kissed her—not calm, as a sister—  
But fervent and feverish! Hark to me, Mr.,  
He sure loved his job as he kissed her and kissed her!

Berton Braley.

## HIS PHILOSOPHY.

THE rheumatism and the new circuit-rider were being entertained by old man Sogback, a worthy citizen of Arkansaw, who was struggling, out of respect for the clergyman, to refrain from anathematizing his malady in his usual thorough manner, and had succeeded so well that he had said nothing worse than "Dad-slap the ding-taked thing to the everlastin'-er—h'm!—what-d'y-e-call-it!"

"I know it is a severe trial, Brother Sogback," said the minister, in polite reproof, "but, if we only knew it, many of what seem to be our deepest tribulations are in reality blessings in disguise."

"Huh!" ejaculated the sufferer, a trifle skeptically, "I notice that some of 'em 'pear to be mighty durn well—er—er—that is, considerably disguised."

"Quite true, Brother Sogback; but if we can learn to accept our trials with philosophical resignation we will discover that—"

"By Jing!—h'm!—I mean, yes, parson. That reminds me of the case of Hick Rickleston, who was so red-headed that his top-knot looked pow'ful like it was on fire, and who was also sawter tar-and-feathered, a couple o' years ago, fer a little somethin', I forgit what now. But, anyhow, he grinned kinder confidential, as you may say, while they was a-trimmkin' him up; an' the next thing we heerd about him he was travelin' around with a side-show, still wearin' his tar and feathers, an' also the title of 'The Only Human Sockety-peck—Half Man an' Half Red-headed Woodpecker—ever placed on exhibition.' They say he's been makin' big money ever since he started, an' that some of the finest people in the land have stood an' gazed at him in horror and surprise. Eh-yah! Thar's a good deal in philosophy if you happen to know how to work it jes' right."



## HOW SUSPICIOUS!

MRS. JACKSON (at bedtime).—Why don't yo' say yo' prayers out loud, Mose? Ah don't like dis here silent prayin'! How does Ah know but yo's askin' de Lawd to remove me, so's yo' kin marry Hepsy Greene? No mo' o' dis yer star-chamber performance from yo', suh!

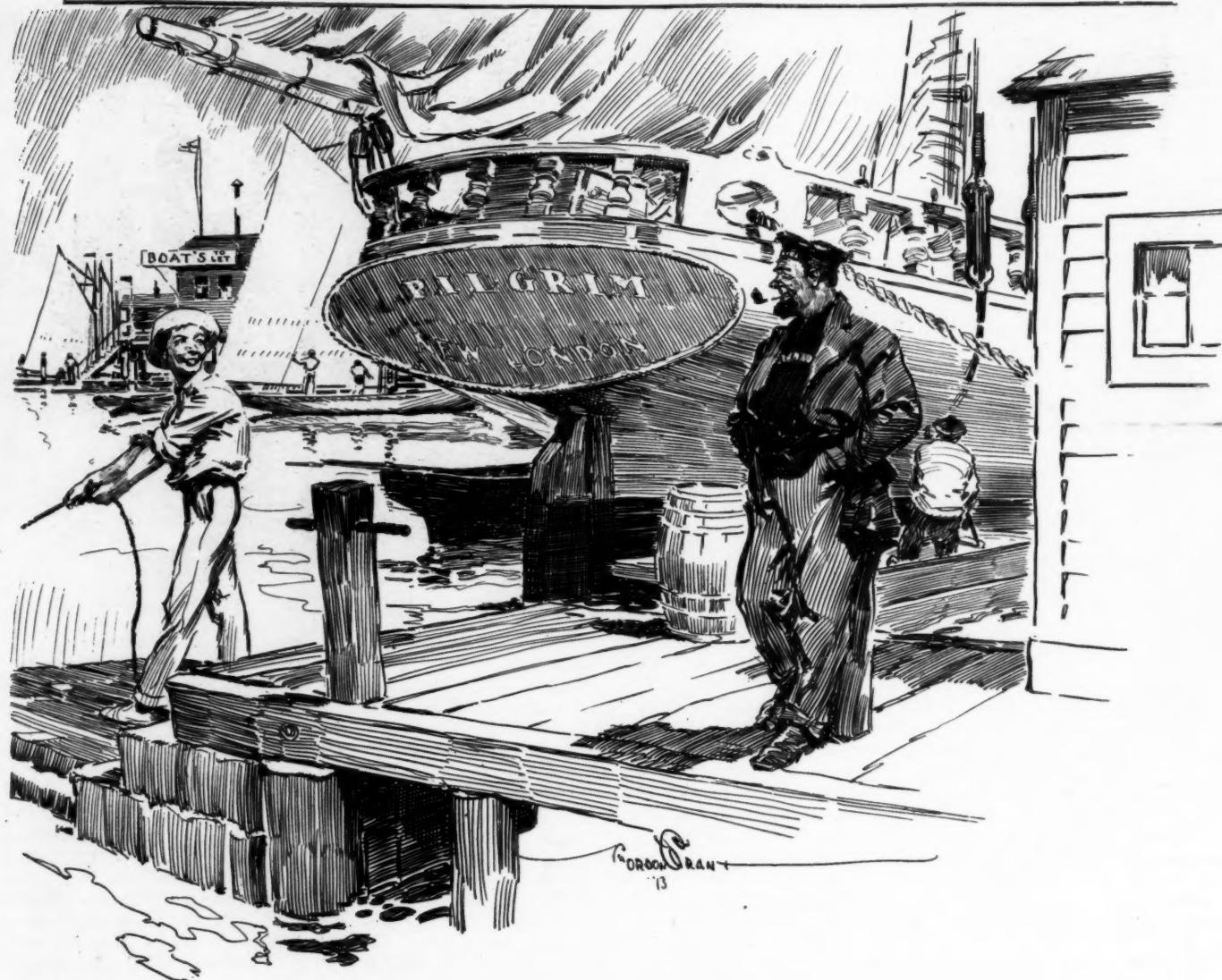
## THE SUBJECT UNDER DISCUSSION.

Scene—A WOMEN'S CLUB.

"So GLAD to be out again! A week ago I really thought—  
Have you had it, too? I've been ill since—Oh! don't say  
a word. My little boy and my cook are both down.  
Ladies, please come to order. The meeting—  
And our doctor is such a crank on fresh air! He had both windows—  
I took it first with aching bones, and—  
Oh, I was just sleepy and heavy, but my husband said at once—  
And poor mother is barely able to sit up. Her nurse has taken it—  
Ladies, I am sorry to announce that our secretary is ill with—  
He had such a fever. I telephoned immediately—  
Mine began with a chill, and now two of the children are showing symptoms—  
The house will please come to order—  
Most awful pains through the head and face, don't you know? Oh, such an ear-ache! And I could n't eat a—  
We're allopathic. Of course it was quinine—  
And such a sore throat! I still have the cough—  
Ladies, the subject for discussion to-day—  
Oh, I've simply lost all faith in mustard plasters—  
My cousins in Brooklyn have the aggravated form—  
And the decorator's man never came; he was in the hospital with the—  
Ladies, please come to order. The subject under discussion is—  
Oh, I said so instantly. I could not be mistaken. I knew it was the gripe!"



A CHICKEN - YARD.



## CHEERILY SPEAKING.

OLD SALT.—Wot cheer, mate?  
YOUNG SALT.—Yale; what's yours?

## LEARNING TO SWIM.



NCE upon a time, when I was young and full of unlimited confidence in the future, I made up my mind that I would learn to swim. Everyone told me I ought to learn the noble art of how to keep your head above water, and I became filled with a sort of enthusiastic longing to go and float on my back, out into the mystic East, where the crested waves play leap-frog through the never-dying seas.

I inquired what was the best way to learn to swim. I received 1,471 different replies. It was just a trifle confusing. I was not quite sure which was the best way, so I concluded to begin at the beginning of the list and work my way through to victory or a watery grave.

The first method recommended to me was to boldly plunge into the water where it was over my head. "The natural instinct of the animal," said my adviser, "is to swim. You need nothing but the firm resolve, and you will find it exceedingly easy. Jump right in and strike out, and you will get there."

The more I thought about it, the more this seemed to me to be good advice. So one day, when I was crossing the North River on a ferry-boat, I just shut my eyes and jumped overboard. I struck out boldly; and, as my adviser had predicted, I got there. I got right to the bottom. As soon as possible I got back again to the surface, and was just about to strike out boldly once more when a miserable pirate jammed a boat-hook under my collar and yanked me out of the water with an exceeding great yank.

I was arrested and taken to a police-court. I explained to the police-justice that I had jumped overboard to learn to swim, but he sent me up, just the same.

When my term was at an end I thought I would try the plan of the second adviser. This was to practise the stroke in shallow water until I knew how to use my hands and feet, and then venture into water deep enough to swim. I went down to the river one evening where some boys were in swimming, and said:

"How deep is the water here?"

"Only two feet and a half," said one of the boys, who was paddling about. That suited me, so in I went. I practised away at the stroke, and was doing beautifully, when it occurred to me that the sand on the bottom was scratching my chest. So I said:

"Is n't there any deeper water than this around here?"

"Right over there," said a boy, pointing.

I went "right over there," and at once disappeared from view. When I came to the surface I was going to swim splendidly, but two boys jumped in and towed me ashore. Once more I had been rescued.

Then I tried another plan. This was to take a lot of corks and put them under my arms, and swim that way until I had the stroke down fine; then to go it alone. Well, I procured my corks, and started out through the surf at Coney Island. When beyond the ropes I found I was swimming beautifully, so I threw off my corks and struck out. Of course, the first shock of throwing away the corks sent me downward, and I was a long time coming up. When I did come up, I was just going to swim away in great style when a man came up in a boat, grabbed me by the neck, and dragged me in. I tried to explain to him; but he intimated that he thought me a crank.

And so it has gone. Every time I have tried to learn to swim someone has come along and rescued me. I don't want to be rescued. I want to swim. But they will not let me. They always say: "My dear sir, in two minutes more you would have been drowned!" So I have given up all hope of ever learning to swim, and am going to wade slowly through the rest of a sorrowful existence.

*Trictrum.*

# PUCK

## LOBSTER SALAD.



It is a joy most rare to hymn your praise,  
Luxuriant dish of pink and green and  
white!  
You ever fill me with a chaste delight.  
Frescoed with waves of golden mayon-  
naise,  
My fancy o'er you all unbounded plays  
Until my dreams are more than rosy  
bright,  
And from the weary earth I take my  
flight  
To the sweet strains of fairy roundelays.

Oh, sweet marine! You're ever unto me  
The first of shellfish, and I love to dwell  
Upon you when you come not from a can.  
You breathe the music of the deep blue sea,  
And I in spirit ride the ocean swell,  
While you regale and clothe my inner man.

## UNTHOUGHT-OF THOUGHTS.

**T**o the EDITOR:—I notice a strange lack of "Hints to Mothers" in your valuable paper. Hoping to remedy the matter, I have compiled a few simple, easily remembered rules for use in the nursery. Mothers do not always think of these rules, which they may be glad to have suggested.

Never use boiling water to wash an infant. Its effect on the skin is injurious.

Do not allow a young child to play with an open penknife. If you give the penknife to the child when shut, the worst it can do is to suck it until so rusted that you can't use it again.

It is best not to let the baby remain too long at the head of the stairs. He is apt to go down suddenly.

Never allow a child to lean against a red-hot stove or to sit on it. Carelessness in these matters often leads to painful consequences.

Do not permit the children to beat one another with sticks, or to throw hard substances, such as flat-irons, dishes, etc., across the room. Such actions are sometimes the cause of distressing accidents.

Marbles, jackstones, and buttons are not easily digested, and other articles more readily assimilated will be found better adapted to the needs of a baby's stomach.

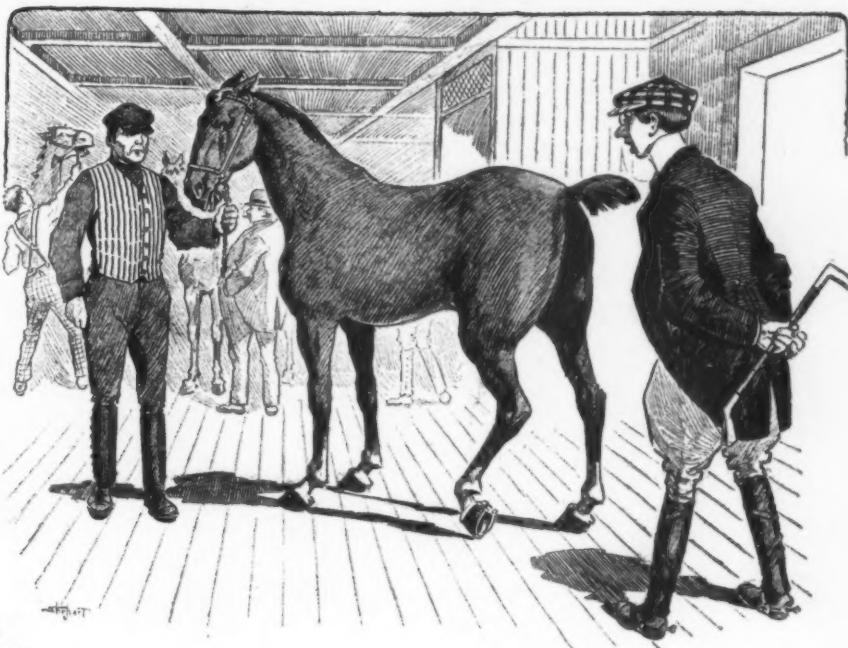
Try to prevent the baby thrusting a sharp stick too quickly into its eyes or up its nose. These organs are delicate and likely to be injured by such treatment.

As babies are tender and easily broken, it will be found best not to drop them violently on the floor, or to leave them unexpectedly on a chair or the edge of a table, where they may fall off.

A young baby will require care and watching. The mother cannot spend her whole time in driving, walking, or otherwise amusing herself. Getting up at night, however, is unpleasant, and to be avoided if possible. Even Plato was aware of this, and some years ago recommended mothers never to do it.

If the baby's attention could be called to the antiquity of this opinion, it might be of some benefit.

N. B.—Paregoric sometimes produces the same effect.



## HAPPILY PUT.

CHOLLY.—Is this horse intelligent, me good fellah?  
GROOM.—Very! Look out he don't kick you, sir!

## CAPITAL LEARNS A LESSON.

**V**ILLAGE WORKINGMAN.—Well, sir, we're all ready to go ahead.  
ENTERPRISING CITIZEN.—Ready for what, may I ask?

VILLAGE WORKINGMAN.—You spoke some time ago about building a factory to help the town along, and we've been hard at work getting in shape for it. We've formed a trades' federation of all the workingmen in the county, and after a great deal of trouble have at last settled on how many hours we will work, what time we will begin, what time we

will stop, what wages we want, what hands you can employ and what you can't, what foreman and superintendent you must have, and all the other little things which workingmen have a right to demand. You saw the accounts of our meetings in the papers, I suppose? Why don't you rush up that factory?

ENTERPRISING CITIZEN.—Sorry to say I have no capital now.

VILLAGE WORKINGMEN.—No capital?

ENTERPRISING CITIZEN.—No. I turned it over to the State Board of Lunacy to hold in trust for me, and instructed them that if I ever asked for the principal they should put me in a straight-jacket.

## ENJOYABLE.

MRS. SEASIDE.—Was your house-party a success?

MRS. COUNTRYCOT.—Yes, indeed! There wasn't one of them who wasn't engaged the first week, and there wasn't two of them who would speak to each other the second.



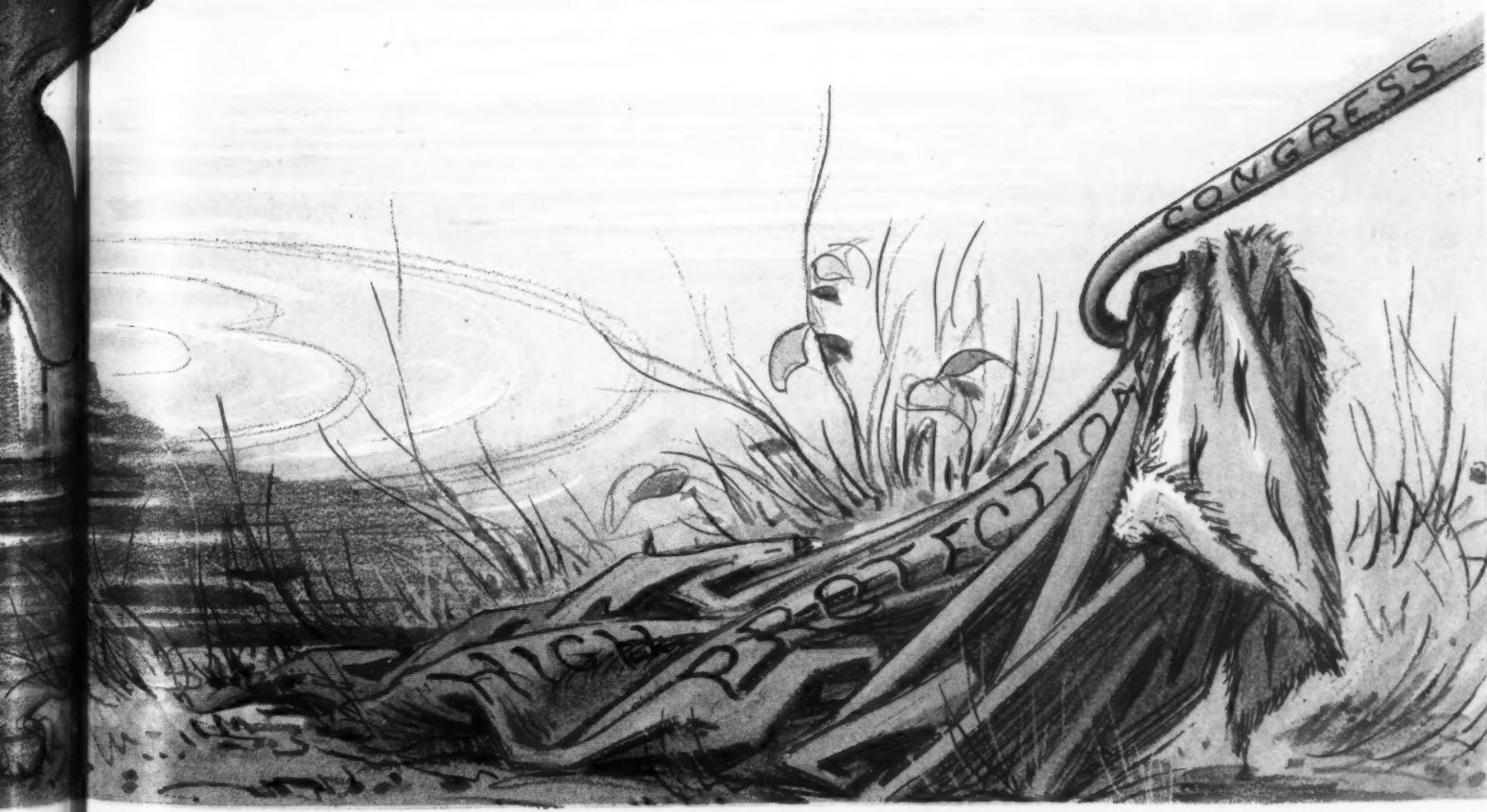
## MISFORTUNE'S LIMIT:

WHEN A STICKLER FOR GOOD ENGLISH FINDS HIMSELF IN THIS KIND OF COMPANY.

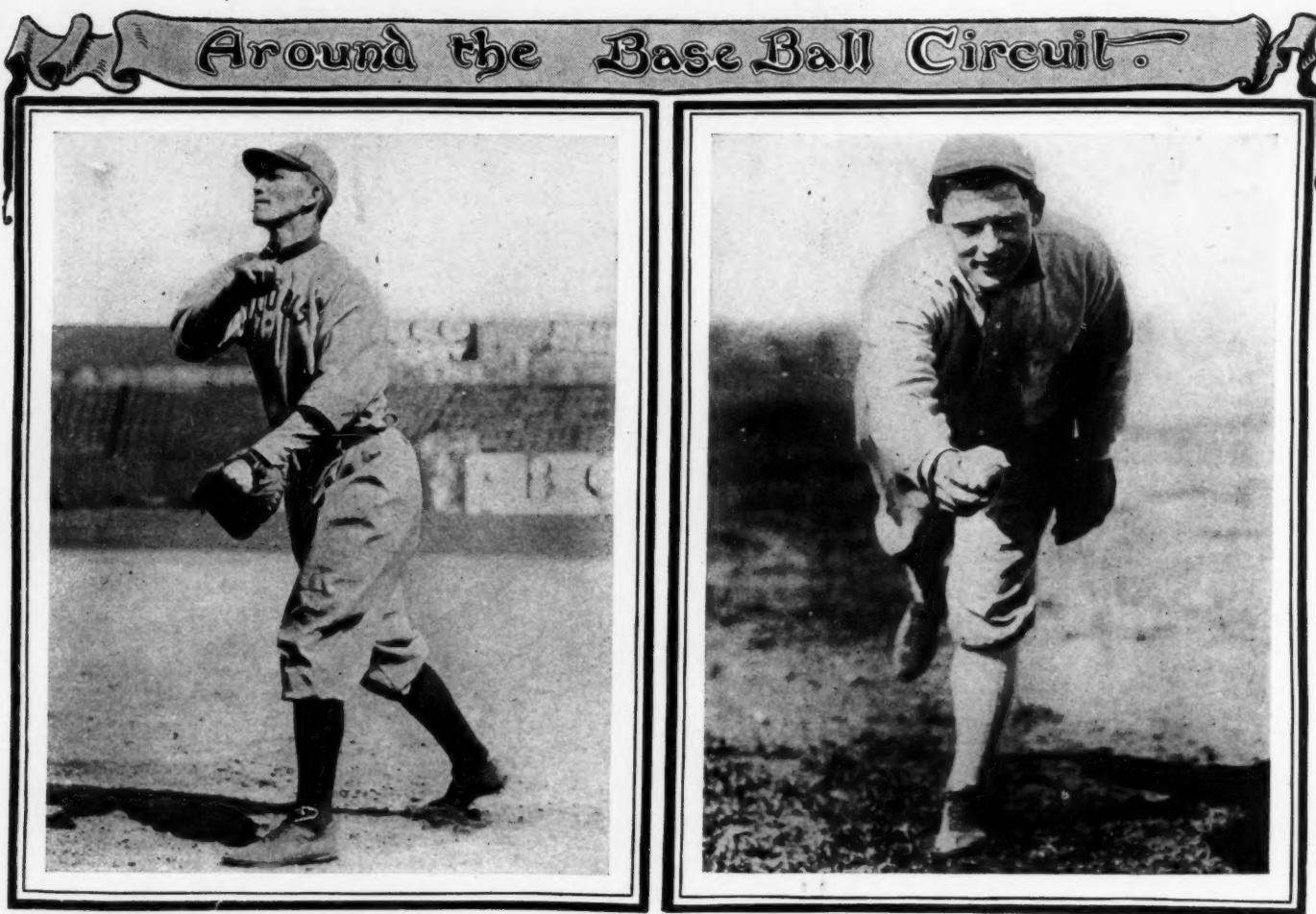
**T**here is no mending a broken record: It is like the clothes that you've outgrown—good only for smaller men.



PUCK



ORNING IN SEPTEMBER.



Here is Stovall, head of the Browns,  
On whom an unkind fortune frowns;  
But still, despite their lowly rank,  
His team tops that of Peerless Frank.

The man who put the ox in box  
Is Big Ed. Walsh, Chicago Sox;  
He wears the white, but Fans agree  
His sox no whiter are than he.



#### MORE PARALYZED INDUSTRIES.

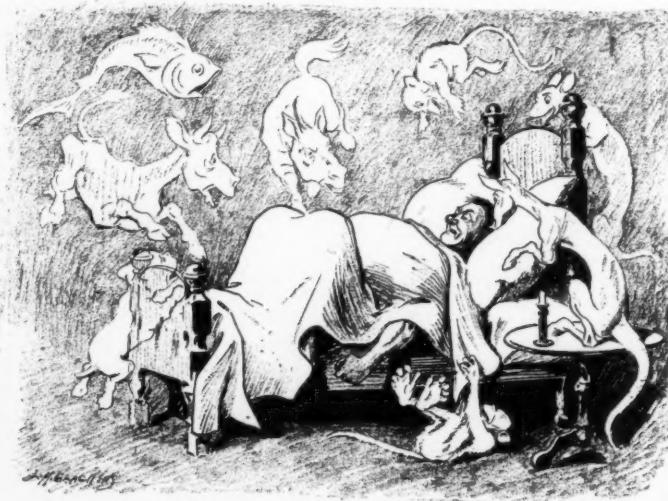
We hear on good authority that Signor and Signora Tomatocanno, the well-known garbage inspectors of Newark, N. J., have signified their intention of giving up business in consequence of the prevailing uncertainty concerning the tariff. Any reduction of the duty on foreign rags, the Signor says, will "hurt a very mucha" that particular branch of American industry to which the Signora and himself have so assiduously devoted their time and their talents. Sgr. Tomatocanno's bag and poker will be idle; but it is useless to hope that even this will have any effect upon the Free-Trade politicians, who seem bent on destroying this industry for the sole benefit of European capitalists.

The American Doll-Stay-and-Boot-Lace Manufactory, which for two years has carried on business in a back room on the seventh floor of the McRookery flat, shut down yesterday, owing to the agitation over the tariff bill, and the disturbing effect of such a measure on the commerce of the country. The wages paid in Europe are very much lower than those paid by the American Doll-Stay-and-Boot-Lace Company, so that the latter feel no encouragement to go on with the business, and consequently their staff of employees, consisting of two old women and a boy, will be thrown out of employment.

The United States Wooden Toothpick Manufacturing Association at Mosquitoville, Wayback Co., will close their establishment to-morrow. The trade has been in a depressed condition since the extra session of Congress. Mosquitoville is a village of twenty inhabitants, and seven of these at least are employed by the United States Wooden Toothpick Association. It will not surprise any one to learn that there is a very strong protectionist feeling among the people of this important community, which will add tremendously to the wave of popular indignation when next it sweeps the country.

**B**read cast upon the waters may in the end leave a man without a crust to put in his soup.

The rat-catching industry of Catnip Creek, which was carried on by old Mike Sloan and his two dogs, has been abandoned in consequence of impending changes in the tariff. It will be evident that no self-respecting American rat-catcher will consent to put his labor into competition with the pauper labor of Europe, and this would certainly be the case if foreign rat-skins were admitted duty free. The rat-catching industry of Catnip Creek is therefore paralyzed—the rat-catcher himself very often—a most deplorable state of things, and the natural result of the disastrous policy pursued by the present Administration.



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

## PUCK

### WHAT WAS IT?



O GLAD to meet you! When I heard this morning . . .

"Oh! then you have heard . . ."

"Yes; and I said at once that you were the only one who could . . ."

"But imagine my feelings! It would be so dreadful . . ."

"True, true! A woman's sensitiveness; and yet you . . ."

"Oh, of course I do! But unless I am compelled . . ."

"Naturally, you couldn't. Still, like myself, I suppose you really consider that the blame rests . . ."

"I felt so from the first. In my mind there is no question . . ."

"Nor in mine. At the same time, it certainly was . . ."

"Oh! in that respect, of course. Yet, I think, were the possibility ever so slight . . ."

"Oh! my dear, but you must know what human nature is. Once the concession had been made . . ."

"That was the mistake. Still, I have resolved, in any event, to be perfectly frank and honest . . ."

"How lovely of you! But if it should turn out . . ."

"Well, if it should; — but it won't! Of course, I might . . ."

"Yes, I know; but you wouldn't! I'm glad you have settled on a definite line of . . ."

"But, see how I was placed! One wonders how people can . . ."

"Oh, it's amazing! It would actually seem . . ."

"Would it not? But, my dear, I really must . . ."

"And I must, too! I am so relieved that I've met you, and had this explanation. It makes me feel . . ."

"I'm glad it does. I trust we shall . . ."

"Oh, yes — soon; good-by! I hope you'll . . ."

"I will, indeed! But, dear, remember not to . . ."

"Oh! not for worlds! You need not have the slightest . . ."

"Good-by!"  
"Good-by!"

ONLY a woman's love is blind enough to mistake thirty cents for a Greek god.



IV.  
"Now show me him."



V.  
"Well, where is the ruffian? I'm all out o' breath."



### A DISTINCTION.

MISS OUTERTOWN. — Is n't there a Mrs. Skinner in this village who keeps boarders?

HI HUBBEL. — She takes boarders, ma'am; but she don't keep 'em.

### THAT DIDN'T COUNT.

BINGO. — I think I will take a trip to Niagara next week. Every American ought to see it.

WITHERBY. — Have n't you been there?

BINGO. — Yes, on my honeymoon.

### MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

MRS. MULCAHY, said the Justice, "why did you strike Mrs. Muldoon?"

"Sure, yer Ahner," said the defendant, with the air of one who has suffered, "I says to her as pleasant as though shpakin' to an angel, says I: 'You got brass enough in yer face sufficient to mek a six-quart pail!' An' wid that Missis Muldoon ups an' says, says she: 'It's yersilf as has n't manners enough to fill the half of it, Missis Mulcahy,' says she; an' t was thin I interrupted her wid a gaintle tap on th' hid, Yer Ahner, sor."

### PRECAUTION.

WOOL. — What do you think of the tariff muddle in the Senate?

VAN PEELT. — I don't allow myself to think about it at all; I promised my wife last New Year's to give up swearing altogether.



VI.  
"So that's him! Run, you big shrimp! If he don't catch you, I will!"

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SWAGGIE.—Want a harvest-hand, boss?

COCKIE.—Yes!

SWAGGIE (*upset*).—Oh,—er—do—yer? Well, if I see any bloke lookin' fer a job, I'll send 'im along.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

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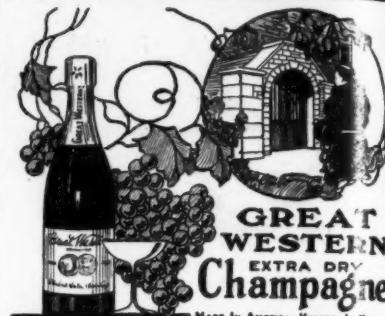
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## TOO PEDANTIC.

SHE.—There's such a thing as too much accuracy.

HE.—No, no, it cannot be!

SHE.—Yes. I told Jack he could have just one kiss, and he took only one.—*London Opinion*.

## REVENGE.

FATHER.—You have no sense. I'm going to cut you off with a million.

THE SON.—If you do I'll disgrace the family by riding around in a second-hand auto.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

## DEAR ANCESTORS.

Two close-fisted Missouri brothers sued a neighbor for three hundred and seventy-five dollars owing on a land deal. They engaged the best lawyer in their county seat. The lawyer won the case. The brothers called to see about his fee. One stayed outside and the other went in.

"How much is it?" he asked.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I won't be hard on you. I have known both you boys since you were children, and I knew your pop. I guess three hundred dollars will be about right." The inquiring brother went out dazed.

"Lordy, George," he said to the one outside, "I'm durn glad he did n't know grandpop, too!"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

STENOGRAPHER.—What is wrong, Mrs. Grimbattle?

MRS. GRIMBATTLE.—You've spelled Henry with a capital H. Don't you know that Henry is a mere man's name?—*New York Globe*.

NO, MARJORIE, there is a difference between a taxidermist and a taxicab driver. A taxidermist skins animals, and a taxicab driver isn't so particular—he'll skin anybody.—*New York Clipper*.

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"MADAM," said the doctor, "what you need is more exercise. Why don't you walk four or five miles every day?"

"And have people think we've had to sell our automobile? I guess not."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Is the man your sister is goin' to marry rich?"

"Naw, every time the marriage is mentioned pa says: 'Poor man!'"—*Houston Post*.



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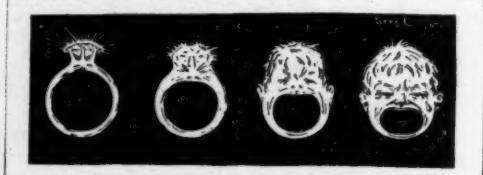
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